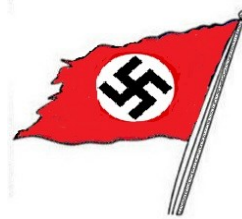




The New Order



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A Tale of Two Memes

by Maurice Conchis

They say “the left can’t meme,” and it’s entirely true! Case in point is every year starting in mid-April leftist social media channels blow up with the same tired joke, “You better be celebrating the right 420!”

Their 420, of course, refers to “4:20 Blaze It”—a reference to daily marijuana consumption. Our 420, on the other hand, refers to the birthday of the greatest man of our age and the one man who could have stemmed the

tide of both progressive hatred and liberal degeneracy.

Their 420 is about a nihilistic emptiness and a void that can only be filled by artificial stimulus. Our 420 is about inspiration: the memory of a soldier, statesman, thinker, and patriot who fought against all odds out of love for his people.

Their 420 is about an uncontrollable compulsion and a spiritual act of rebellion against “bourgeois” laws and “bourgeois” order. Our 420 is about celebrating the values of industriousness, wholesomeness, and struggle that is the spirit of the German people who endured some of the poorest economic and military struggles in Europe, excepting only perhaps our cousins in the Balkan region under harassment by the Ottoman Turks.

Their 420 is the product of the spiritually exhausted and degenerate. It is the end of the line when a frustrated life and a hopeless outlook culminate in pure escapism. Our 420 is the product of indomitable will kept alive against the wishes of every governmental and corporate body in existence. It is the unextinguished living primal life force, the pure will to exist expressed in a simple number.

Their 420 is either passive acceptance of a hateful present or the desire for its destruction. Our 420 is the active celebration of the active and creative principle within Nature



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and God's creation.

Their 420 is life-denying. Our 420 is life-affirming!

Their 420 is the final act in the great drama of the so-called Enlightenment. After that, the curtain closes as stronger and more determined men emerge onto the stage to take charge of the future. Our 420 is the dramatic opening act that begins with the suffering of a serious setback, only to have us emerge stronger, smarter, and more determined than ever before.

Their 420 would be the choice of a sullen adolescent sitting in a dark and filthy room surrounded by debris and resenting his parents, authorities, and society. Our 420 is the choice of healthy and balanced individuals who value health, hygiene, and a nature hike in bright sunshine.

Despite all the pretenses, they are today's champion and grand-standing bully arrogantly strutting their stuff in front of the media's cameras, pushing their childhood sex change operations on an astounded public. (For now, the public stares without comprehension like a deer in the headlights and send their children out of the room when the Superbowl half-time show comes on.) We are the comeback kids getting up early and training hard knowing just what a struggle is in front of us.

They ride limos and private jets while lecturing the despised lumpenproletariat about climate change. We run, bike, or take the bus.

But whatever the present situation with the government-corporate complex, we strive to be worthy of the task of keeping the memory of Adolf Hitler alive through the

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Shortages Return!

by Maurice Conchis

First it was surgical masks, then it was toilet paper. Finally, meat products and especially beef. The United States is beginning to experience something that it has not seen in many decades: *shortages!* We give credit where it is due. One thing that the Establishment has competently provided for was keeping store shelves stocked under conditions of basic stability. Now, basic necessities are beginning to become hard to find, and it is difficult to say what comes next. However, whatever it is, the situation will inevitably be exacerbated when the press announces some minor shortage and shoppers scramble to pick up "extra" in response.

Younger generations have not seen this kind of panic buying, and supply chains have been working hard to cut inventories for decades now. It *is* more efficient to run retail operations this way, which results in lower prices *during*

normal times, but once panic buying begins, available stock can be purchased within hours... and there is nothing "in the back" for clerks to check.

Yet people have been through this before all over the world, and different means could be used to ensure people get the necessities. One method would be to allow prices to rise in response to spikes in demand or project demand. It would be annoying to see that the former \$20 pack of toilet paper is now \$50, but at least supplies would be on the shelf because few people would hoard the stock once prices have doubled or tripled. However, most developed economies have implemented policies against "price gouging," especially after gasoline prices in hurricane areas rose to very high levels.

Then there is "rationing," whereby cards or coupons are issued which must be presented in conjunction with payment to acquire necessities. This helps keep prices down while also

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The Führer's Courage

Early Signs of a Great Character

When the present war broke out, millions of German folk comrades were witnesses to the unshakable idealism with which the Führer entered this struggle. Deeply moved, they recognized this man's will to employ for the sake of the honor and life right of his folk everything that had been created during seven years of National Socialist reconstruction, in order to achieve the decision for centuries. Far beyond the cares and difficulties of the day, the Führer's gaze went into the German future, of which he devoutly and proudly proclaimed: "We have everything to gain!"

It was Adolf Hitler's second war start. The first saw him in Munich, an unknown young painter and drawer, a quite and industrious young man, in whose breast, unnoticed by **everyone, the flame of a boundless faith in Germany** burned. For the sake of this faith he had left Austria and settled in Munich.

What laid behind him?

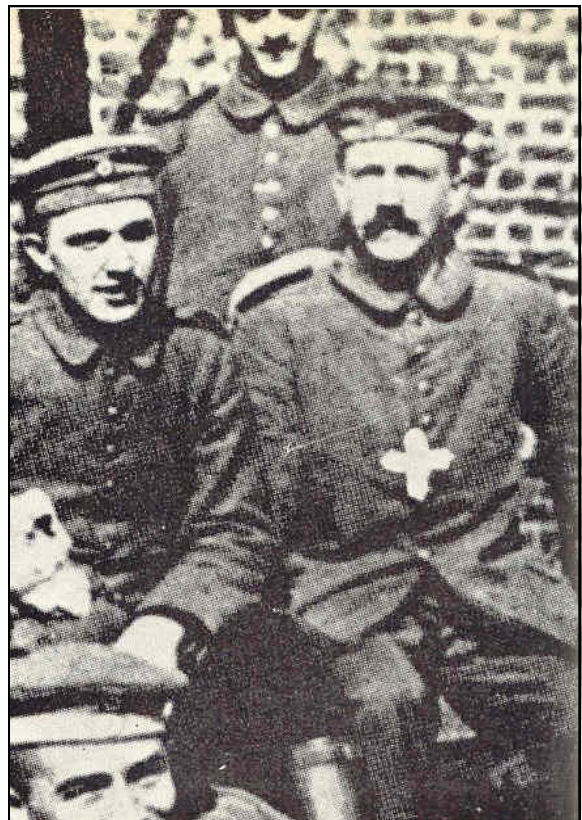
Behind this youth Adolf Hitler of World War year 1914 was a youth whose shy radiance had been all too early darkened by the death of both parents. Behind him were the childhood years with stubborn conflict about his own choice of profession. Behind him was already the collapse of his daring hopes. Behind him were the years in Vienna and the times when he stood alone among the Marxist workers, mocked and persecuted. Behind him were the difficult years of struggle during which he lacked the means for continued education but nonetheless kept his eye on a mighty and beautiful goal: to become an architect. This youth fighter gave him-

self the greatest measure of self-education. "I possessed the conviction that the goal I had given myself would **nonetheless someday** be reached and this made it easier for me to bear the other small cares of daily existence."

Thus did he acknowledge himself. Was it a coincidence or a happy, perhaps light-hearted temperament that enabled such a young person to hold his head high despite all blows?

No, it was more. They were **the early signs of an unusual character**, of a rare will and of a

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The Führer's Courage

healthy self-confidence.

When back then in Vienna he saw his first professional hope, to become a painter, collapse, and had to believe that he would not be able to sufficiently train his obvious talent for architecture, that might “nonetheless” emerged in him for the first time, which later in his life often enabled him to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

“The earlier defiance had come back again and my goal was permanently in my eye. Resistance is not there so one capitulates before it, **rather so that one breaks it!**”

That is the marble block in the construction of the world-view of the **young** Adolf Hitler. So in 1914 he saw the doors to the wide open for him. He had nothing to lose, rather everything to gain, like every person who stands on the threshold of his development and still has in front of him the steps to life and success. But he did have something to lose: His life, the youth, hopefully joyous, just starting to make it life of a strong person of will.

But his heart rejoiced when in the decisive hour destiny stepped up to him with the demand to throw precisely this life onto the scale.

“As a boy and as a young man I had so often had the wish to at least once be able to prove through deeds that my national enthusiasm was not an empty illusion. It almost seemed almost a sin to me to shout hurrah without having the inner right to do so; for who may use this word without having tested it where all games are at an end and the pitiless hand of the goddess of fate starts to weigh peoples and men for the truth and condition of their belief?”

No word of youthful excess! Young Adolf Hitler, as a son of the borderland and of the Habsburg state, had matured early politically and ethnically. He had become hard personally in the struggle for naked existence. Hence no intoxication of blind enthusiasm, no false pathos, rather the example of the personality, already

then as today an example for the folk.

The Hour of the Calling

In the unholy November days of November 1918 a blind man was laying helpless in a small, makeshift hall of a rural field hospital with pain in his eye sockets. An unknown corporal who through four years on the front had silently done his duty as a messenger and who had stood out for his extraordinary courage. In mid-October an enemy mustard gas attack had taken away his eyesight, and along with the light of his prospects for the future had sank. Now that darkness engulfed him, this man's thoughts returned to the field. He again saw the millions of martyrs, he saw the comrades fall to his left and right, he again heard the assault song of the volunteers of the List Regiment in Flanders, who went down with the German national anthem on their lips, and in his heart stirred again painfully the old, beautiful dream of his youth, which had powerfully moved him in Linz and in Vienna: “One folk, one Reich!”

All that had been shattered; the unvanquished front had been stabbed in the back; the army, worn out, stood on endless fronts without direction after its supreme commander had abandoned it, and chaos waged in the homeland.

What would happen? Like many thousands of others, this thought moved the blind man in the Pasewalk field hospital. Thousands returned to their profession and family. He had no family. And his profession?

All that was so long ago! The time when he wanted to become a painter against his father's wishes, the time when he discovered his actual talent for architecture and took his first job as a construction worker, the time when he barely earned his daily bread and gained knowledge, as much as his forward striving and thirsty for knowledge head could hold – all of that had been buried by the four years of the World War.

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A Tale of Two Memes

ensuring that no one buys out an entire store's stock at lowered prices. When you go to the store, your toilet paper is still \$20, but you are limited to some number of rolls per week or month.

Rationing has its own inconveniences, in no small part because bureaucracies grow to administer the program and all of its inevitable petitions for exceptions or special circumstances, valid or otherwise. Then the time of the population may be wasted as a petition for increased supply must be filed with the ration board when, for example, a child becomes sick. In large, anonymous societies it becomes worse by the fact that evidence such as a doctor's script must be submitted and reviewed when time is of the essence.

Yet rationing has the advantage of ensuring that wealthier people are not permitted to buy necessities out from under their cash-strapped neighbors who may already be under economic duress from the situation that caused demand to spike. The experience of many economies in World War II bears out the efficiency and potential benefits of rationing. The following was written for *Das Scharze Korps* (available from Third Reich Books as "SS Chronicles Volume 1") as rationing was implemented in Germany in 1939:

When the ration cards were handed out, all of us grumbled a little, and especially when we heard how there were x-many grams of this and that. The word "gram" is associated with something very tiny. Only with kilogram does

something start to gain weight and significance. That's how it seemed to us at first glance. For, truly, in the past we had seldom put our meals on a weighing scale.

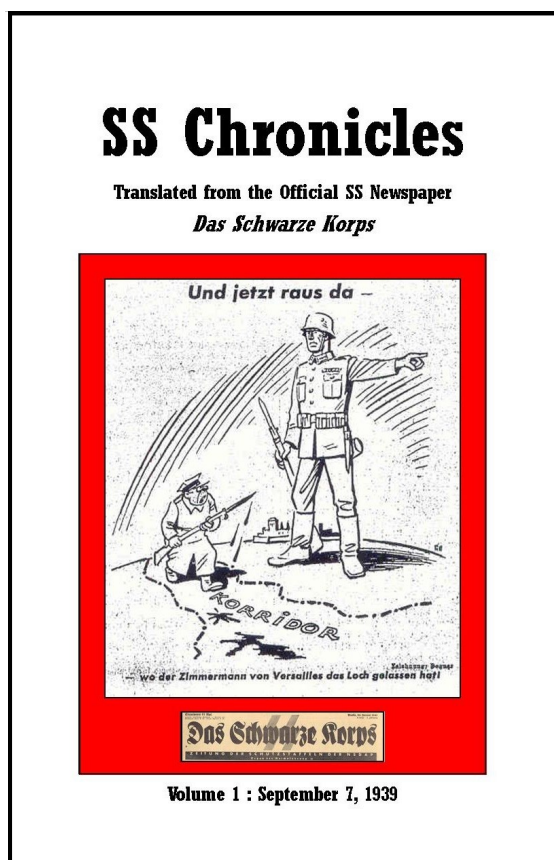
But already after a few days the blessing of the wise institution revealed itself. The little pink slips proved themselves to be excellent trade items and justice. Most housewives discover that they have more coming to them than they had previously used—managing prudently. (Which does not mean that they must now consume more!) But above all, they discover that they actually also get what they have coming to them! At any time of day! They don't have to be ready to leap in order to present their wish to the butcher or to the colonial wares trader.

They are amazed. Why wasn't that so self-evident and smooth in the previous weeks as well? After all, there wasn't less in existence before rationing. Well, that's because the dear guild of hoarders, who can never get enough, have come under the jurisdiction of the little pink slips.

The impatience with hoarders is already showing strongly in and out right-wing circles and memes are being shared about people starving to death atop mountains of toilet pa-

per. But in the absence of a rationing system it would be very difficult to respond rapidly to selective panic buying. Most people at most times would prefer not to deal with the inconvenience of rationing and the logistics systems of most large retail operations have been sufficient to ensure supply of most products at most

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A Tale of Two Memes

times.

However, in the case of protracted emergencies, ensuring that supply remains continuous may require either allowing prices to rise or rationing. The National Socialists recognized the advantages of rationing, but the globalized economy has reduced social cohesion and trust in authorities to administer economic interventions in a fair and just manner. It will be interesting to see what the future holds for our people.

In the meantime, it would be prudent to begin conserving one's tangible resources and thinking about ways to endure possible shortages of various necessities. Those lucky enough to have good relations with neighbors or nearby friends should consider mutually beneficial trades of any products they happen to have stocked. Practical cooperation among personal friends and associates may have to do where broad social programs and trustworthy authorities are not in place.

In the absence of a system that ensures necessities are "on the shelf" for purchase, the necessity for a local network is reinforced. The ability to barter or share your extra—and know

that others will do the same for you—is precious. We don't miss the water until the well runs dry, and the well *will* run dry for us—in *some* form large or small—in the coming year. Not only does this involvement benefit us as individuals, but it manifests National Socialist virtues and keeps them alive. Unlike atomistic individualism, which can get us by when there is all kinds of room to expand and new opportunities to pursue, National Socialism can confront and succeed in both good times and bad once we put it into practice.

A Tale of Two Memes

dark of night until the coming of the new dawn.

It is a true miracle and gift of Providence that brought us the true record of Hitler's words and deeds. On April 20th of each year we rekindle our admiration and gratitude for Spirit that still survives within us all.

Help us if you can! Or, if it is the most that can be done, just keep the spirit alive in your heart and light a candle on the 20th of April for our Beloved Führer.

Hitler's "The Comrade"

*If one of us becomes tired,
The other watches for him.
If one of us wants to despair,
The other suddenly laughs.*

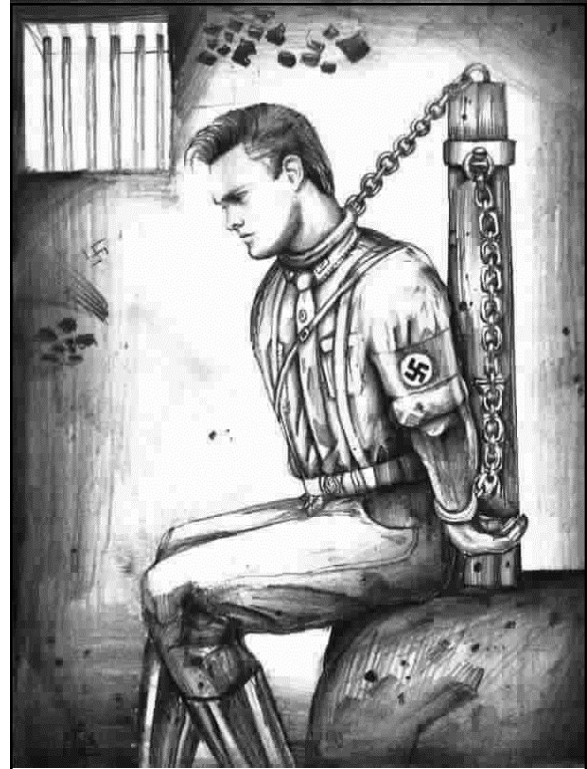
*If one of us should fall,
The other stands for two;
For God gives to every warrior
The Comrade.*

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The Führer's Courage

Now all hopes collapsed.

What could he, a blind cripple, still be able to become in Germany? Painting, drawing, building, that was over. Nobody knew him, nobody thanked him for his deeds and lost blood for Germany. Indeed, he did not even have German citizenship. **A man without protection, a man without money, a man without eyesight, a man who had nothing but his bare life – should such a man not despair?** Thousands of others did despair, among them so many upon whom life had bestowed everything from the horn of plenty: name, rank, money, connections, education and comfort!

“The voice of my conscious thundered at me: Miserable whiner, you probably want to howl while thousands have it a hundred times worse than you! Then I saw for the first time how all personal misery shrinks in comparison to the fatherland's misfortune.”

Adolf Hitler became conscious of his destiny ‘
“I, however, decided to become a politician.”

An act of desperation, a final escape?

No, rather the hard decision of the most German conscience and the most German heart then beating for the Reich. An example for the folk, then as today! The breadth and greatness of this decision cannot be comprehended from the knowledge of the following events, cannot be evaluated from today's view. The measure for the character weight is provided solely by the hopelessness of November 1918. When all failed, the Kaiser, the generals, the politicians. When the grey misery spread across Germany like a steamroller crushing everything beneath it, then was **Germany's poorest son indeed also its most loyal**. There was nobody who could have had less hope, and nobody who showed more courage. What worst thing could happen to a person than what happened to Adolf Hitler in 1918? That a man once possessed such spiritual greatness like he means an abundance of strength for an entire generation of his folk.



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